

Retaliation: War Stories

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Summary: The story of one recruit, and all of his experiences. It starts at his first moment in boot the story is epic.

1. Boot

****_Chapter 1: Boot_****

I stepped off the pelican onto the hard, grassy ground of Coagulation, I was told to line up with the other recruits, only twenty days ago; I had received a letter stating that it was my time to join in the fight with Red army and help the cause against the blues. Let me tell you, I was a bit nervous, No soldier wanted to go on active duty, especially on the front lines. But, I was ready for that challenge;

I knew I was going to be called up sooner or later, so any medical surgeries I need I got ahead of time. It was a bit risky, but I had to get it, now equipped with my Molinor armor, I felt like a real soldier. The pain from the surgery had stopped a few days ago; I was officially a recruit of Red Army.

"Alright Soldiers, listen up! I am MicroJupiter and I am the Master General of Red Army! I've been in these wars for long enough to know that most of you will not live to see next year, and most of you will never get to see your darling mothers face again! So, please, don't give me any shit! Is that understood Boots?"

"YES SIR!" we all said in unison.

"Now, I'm not going to have time to memorize so what is your alias, son?" He said smacking me on my helmet.

"Snack, Sir!" I said, scared out of my boots. He passed me without saying anything and went on to the next person. He told us to all salute him, we did of course, and we didn't want to be punished, especially by this guy.

"Up next is a lap around the canyon, maybe two depending on how good you do!! MOVE!"

Two hours later, we finished the lap, I didn't know if I could do another one, "Alright Recruits, back to the middle."

We all lined up exactly how we were two hours ago, but this time we were panting and shivering.

"Looks like you men are tired, looks like the men in basic didn't to a good enough job of getting you men in shape! He said with an evil looking grin on his face.

"Five hundred pushups, and then a hundred sit ups, get moving."

My lungs were on fire and all of my muscles were burning like crazy after the first hundred pushups. I had to do this though, this was my duty, and this is how my next adventure starts. Legs and thighs burning I continued, pushing out one after another, getting ever closer to my goal.

After I finished the pushups, I began on the sit-ups. My gut felt like I was churning butter in it, thus I threw up multiple times, the recruit next to me was not to happy about that.

I was finished, by this time I could really feel my body, all I knew is that I was finished.

"You're done; you all are officially privates of Red Army! Give yourselves hand men!!!"

The ones that could lift their hands gave a little clap. "Now get some well deserved rest, in a few days you'll be called up for Advanced Boot.

Oh sonofabitch, I thought, if basic boot was this hard how the hell was I going to make it through Advanced...

Outpost Lockout: 1200 hours.

It was so cold; I was almost shivering...almost. For this boot camp, a new General stood in front of me.

"Hello Privates, during Basic, we test your physical strength and endurance, here we are just going to talk, the other generals and I are going to introduce ourselves. Oh, and during this whole camp, don't call me or any other one of the generals, sir. If you do during a battle you'll likely get on of us killed. One unfortunate private said, "Yes sir!" The unknown General swiped at the man with the bunt of his rifle, knocking him unconscious.

"Men, I don't take any shit, is that understood?" No one said a thing and I was beginning to realize that none of these guys took shit from anyone.

"Good, I like the way you men think. I am BlackDragonn, and I am the Five-Star General of Red Army, and I give out ranks, organize the attacks, and call the defense when we need it. Now, I am going to let some of the other officers introduce themselves show them respect or

you'll end up like your friend right there." We all looked down toward the man, Private Banker...

The introductions went on forever and ever it seemed like, Until BlackDragonnn barked over the Com. "Here we go fella's, looks as if a few blue drop ships just dropped of some soldiers at one of our air bases, Acension. I herby promote all of you to Private First Classes, now get moving."

2. Acent

The Pelican ride there was a little bit bumpy but it was understandable considering the urgency of the situation.

"Alright Men, things are getting a little hectic, So be ready to fight as soon as you drop, Battle Rifles out, Pop-um and Lock-um folks."

Black had to part ways from us, something about sending a counter attack at the Blue Base on Sanctuary; I wonder what his job must be like, sending men to impending doom, or victory. I wonder if he feels each of their pain,

__**BOOOM**__

Something hit the side of the pelican and we went into free fall. The pilot was screaming something incoherently, we were to close to the ground to make a jump, just crash and pray. The sound the crash made as the pelican scraped down onto the metal dish in the middle of the Red Acenstion Air Base was horrifying. I could feel warn blood running down my leg, that obviously wasn't a good sign.

I turned to see 2 out of my 5 squad members were dead...the other 3 seemed to have the little or no injuries. I looked up towards what seemed to be the red base, I shook of the feeling of the crash and yelled for my other teammates to shake a leg and get up there. As soon as one of them was making it up the ramp, BOOM, he took a sniper bullet to the back. "Suppressive Fire!" Someone yelled from the top of the red base. I had heard that voice somewhere before...but where?

As soon as the soldiers held up in the base let loose the other soldiers and I made a run for it. I grabbed the fallen solider that was on the ramp and pulled to safety. The son of a bitch was already dead; they had a crack sniper.

"How's that Solider!!!!? Master General Micro said, walking down from the top of the base to check him.

"He's dead, Vitals are Flat lined!" I said.

Micro took a step towards me and said, "Your Private Snack?"

"No, Corporal Snack, Sir!" I said, regretting saying sir.

"And who is this?" He said pointing to the other Spartan standing in a corner out of sniper fire.

"Corporal Sights, Sir!" He was the only person who hadn't just gotten

out of boot camp that managed to make it to the pelican.

"Alright, Well, looks like you two are going to go take out that sniper. It seems like the whole damn Blue Army is waiting right around that bend! Are you two ready for the challenge????" Micro said, looking towards the fallen soldier. "Ill have the rest of us give you as much cover as we can from here...Good Luck."

That was the last time I would talk to Master General MicroJupiter.

Sights and I were half way sneaking down the ramp when we heard it, the crack of a sniper rifle. That's when the fire stopped. Damnit, there was at least 4 more Marines trapped inside the Red base, even if Micro was dead;

"We are going to go back as soon as we take out this sniper." I told Sights

Sights turned the corner and ran into to Blue Members, "Get Down!" I yelled as sights jumped back for cover. I rolled a frag grenade in there direction and knew that the nade was successful, not only because of the explosion, but because of the blood splatter. By now they knew we were coming, not the best chances of survival. Right then, I realized that those were the first people I had ever killed. I couldn't let that thought sink in though. Kill or Be Killed. I peeked around the corner and saw seven blue members trying to figure out what the hell just had happened.

Sights and I turned the corner and popped two of them in the head a piece, the other 3 returned fire, I was struck in the gut...not good... and after a few seconds of panting, I realized I could taste copper. My vision started getting blurry, Sights had just finished off the 3 remaining Soldiers, turned to me and started to say something...I couldn't hear him for some reason though...Get Tough Marine, I told myself. I injected some Biofoam into my gut...good enough, I thought standing up.

"Sights do you see the sniper?" I said, trying to shake off the cobwebs

"Yes, he's in a small tower at the top of this ramp!"

"Lets move on threeâ€|oneâ€|..twoâ€|..three" Both of us rushed up the ramp, taking the sniper by surprise. "Eat Lead!" Sights screamed as he unloaded a full clip of BR into the snipers chest. I walked up and popped one through the bastard's throat, just to be sure.

I grabbed the sniper and had a look over towards red base. Only 2 Spartans remained visible, but i could see for sure that my commanding officer, Master General Micro was down.

Sights and I rushed back over to the command base, when we arrived I checked Micro's vitals and found that he was still alive and kickin'.

"Sir, incoming Intel! Fifteen fully load Blue pelicans on their way here! ETA twenty minutes."

Suddenly I had become Commanding Officer of this OP, I had to take

charge, otherwise all would be lost.

"One of you, signal a drop ship, a pelican, anything." We needed to get off this station. Acension has been lost, that was for sure. I turned on my Red COM Squad and tried to send a link to Black, to no avail; I switched to a Commander only Frequency and asked for any and all Generals to answer.

A short time later I finally caught a break, some static followed by a series of mumbles, and then it cleared out.

"Solider what is your current situation on Acenstion; This is Doctor Tsunami - 1 Star General, over."

Finally some help, "Sir, This is Corporal Snack, I have assumed command of this Battle after Micro had been injured, his situation is critical, I repeat critical. We need immediate Evac. Acension is lost and they have fifteen Blue Pelicans on there way."

There was a long silence and then Doctor said, "Alright, I've sent a pelican to pick whatever is left of your squad up, we will debrief at 1600."

"Roger that, over and out."

I surveyed what was left of the team, Sights, Dommer, Monewb and me. All of us Corporals, not the best for leading, but its all we have. Two of the fifteen pelicans began to come into view, each equipped with two fifty cal machine guns. When the Machine guns began to fire and pieces of the base began to fly off, I grabbed my Battle Rifle and returned fire, soon after I realized that I was beginning to become lightheaded, and could taste biofoam and copper seeping up my throat. So, I fell backwards and landed on my ass...hard...

I heard something fly around the back of the base, I turned to fire on it when I realized it was our drop ship, we were saved.

Quick, everyone were gonna have to have a little jump." I said looking how close the pelican could get...it wasn't very close.

"Sights, tell the pilot to hold as long as he can, leave me if need be." I said, walking back into the base. I crouched down next to every solider I could see, all of them were flat lined except for one. Micro..., I grabbed the Officer, threw him over my shoulder and ran for the Pelican, leaped and prayed for the best. We landed...barley. My stomach oozed biofoam and blood, but other than that, I was okay. That's about the time I passed out.

3. Welcome Sergeant!

After a few days of bed rest, my wound was all healed up.

As for Micro, that was a different story, he was shipped back home, he might not make it, so they relived him of his duty as Master General. The new Master General was Lunar Ravens, he was the old 3 Star General. All the time while I was thinking about all of this, Black walked into the room and waited for me to acknowledge him.

"Hello Snack, how's that injury?" he asked.

"It's fine, all healed up now, I'm ready whenever you need me."

"Good, and by the way I've promoted you. For your exceptional performance on Acention, for your bravery, quick thinking, and quality Leadership, I award you the Rank of Sergeant, we need more leaders in this war Snack, and you may very well be one of them. Then he left, without saying another word.

Later that day

When I arrived back Coagulation, I heard rumors about how Red had got massacred at Sanctuary. When I walked into my barracks it was totally empty, it was eerier, and I realized that I was the only one left in my boot camp that was still alive besides a Corporal Dommer. I dropped my bag and my repaired armor and went to check in with the Chief of Staff, 4 Star General, SpartanBH. "Sir, reporting in from Medical Base Alpha, awaiting orders." I said Saluting Spartan.

"Ah, if it isn't our newest Sergeant!" He said saluting back and gestured for me to sit down. We discussed my new duties.

"Alright, do you feel up to going on a special Ops Mission lead by Cody S 117, Colonel of Red." I told him that I would not only accept the mission, I would complete it with exceptional results.

"You will be briefed at 2200 hours, you are dismissed."

4. Special Ops

Chapter 4: Special Ops

I stepped into Cody's Office at 2150 hours, he was sitting in a chair talking to Supafuz, the Two-Star General and Doctor Tsunami, the One Star. Why would Cody be leading this OP if Tsunami and Fuzzy were going.

I soon found out that neither of them was going only Colonel Cody and I were, which made me feel a little insecure. "Hello Snacky, okay here's the rundown. My better half, Colonel Killadawg360 was on a secret mission to the blue base at Waterworks. But the whole OP went south after his team was killed, and right now he's either dead or being tortured for Intel..." he said, stopping for a moment to let the information sink in.

After that Cody hit a couple of buttons on the computer keyboard sound began to pour from the speakers, "And here's the last transmission we got from him."

Boom

"Noo...am...mmooo, tteaaamm...killeedd...don't come after...me.."

Ckc

"Now I don't care what Killadawg wants, we have to go and get him...or at least his armor which contains valuable information stored in his missions folder." He grabbed his helmet and snapped it into place. "Now go gear up, ill be waiting in the Pelican...Now move!"

When I arrived at the Pelican, Cody was already strapped in. I climbed in and sat across from Cody so we could discuss tactics. The whole trip to the Blue underground cavern took roughly an hour. When the Pelican touched down in the center of Waterworks, the column in the middle of the cavern shook with a vengeance.

"What the hell is that?" I asked Cody.

"Why do you think they call this place Waterworks, it's the water processing station." He said, as we jumped down and ran along the a side wall until we got to directly under the construct in the middle.

"Okay, from the Intel I have, the Blue holding cells are directly above us." Cody said, and signaled for me to head up the ladder first. When I finished my ascent, I gave the all clear sign and Cody followed behind. We patrolled the halls, Battle Rifles on the ready.

I slowly moved around a corner, and spotted three blue soldiers. I ran across the hall and shot a 4-shot burst in their direction, all of the shots hit, but they had energy shields!

So far, all of my encounters with blue soldiers hadn't come with energy shields. Cody followed suit by finishing them off with two more 4-shots.

"Cody, what the hell is going on, why do they have shields?"

Cody went over and checked them,

"They aren't enlisted soldiers; we just took out a Second Lieutenant, and two Warrant Officers. Anyone above a Warrant officer gets a shield generator, I have one, but unfortunately you don't." He said with a dark tone in his voice.

I had nearly come to near death at Acension, but that made me think, why did Micro get hurt so badly? His shield generator must have been offline, but why? No time for that now, I had a mission to complete. After silently taking out a few more soldiers on the way to the cell we arrived at our destination. It was a sickening scene...blood everywhere...Killadawg's body was laid out on the floor. Cody approached the cell door and almost ripped it apart. He walked over to Killa's body, kneeled down, took off his helmet, and it looked as if he was saying a little prayer. That's when Killa reached out grabbed Cody by the Armor and said, "You disobeyed a direct order...good man." he said, coughing up blood.

Cody quickly grabbed some Biofoam off his belt and injected it into Killa's gaping stomach wound. The other wounds were not bad enough to warrant an injection.

"Let's move, before they catch on." Cody said, helping Killa stand up. But Killa's armor was still missing. "No...we can't." I said,

looking towards Cody, I could tell what Cody's expression was even through his visor.

"We need Killa's armor, the blues are probably cracking it right now!" I said and Cody knew I was correct. Killa looked at me, told me that I have to complete my mission and his as well.

"Yes, Sir!, Cody I know I'm not leading this OP, but you need to get Killa out of here, I'm going to find the armor and either get it back to pelican...or destroy it."

Cody knew that if I activated the self destruct sequence on the armor, that not only the armor would be destroyed; I would be as well...

5. 5: Live or Die

Chapter 5: Live or Die

The construct was more like a maze; every corner looked the same as the last one, and the one after it. I could never tell if I was going in a circle or not, soon I was positive the plans were not being held here because there weren't enough soldiers guarding the halls. So I decided to leave the water processing plant and head over to the blue base. That's most likely where they took his armor, and the secret documents containing their strategy for Waterworks, which had been Killa's mission.

I looked into blue base and immediately spotted six or seven blue members, patrolling the base. I was defiantly in the right place. There was no way I was going to get past all of them, and as I always say, **_*if the front door is covered, go in the back*_**.

As I snuck around the back I noticed, that there was a lone soldier, with his helmet off smoking a cigarette. A fatal mistake in my book so I slowly moved along the wall until I got right up next to the soldier grabbed him by the neck, and snapped it. Upon checking his military identification number it turned out this guy was a Blue Captain. After I dragged the Captain's body over behind a few supply crates, I continued my recon.

I walked into the base, I would have no chance if all hell broke loose, and so staying quiet was my only shot. I snuck past a few dimwitted soldiers, and walked right up the stairs, and continued up until I found the only room that didn't have weapons in it. Lying out on a table was a suit of armor being analyzed by what I could only conclude as a scientist. I snuck up behind him and beat him down with the butt of my Battle Rifle, knocking him out cold.

I grabbed the armor; next were the plans for defense. I searched the room for any type of hard copy of what may have looked to the untrained eye like a playbook, to no avail I turned and sat down at the lone computer in the room. Accessing the blue database was the hard part of the task, and at any moment someone could find out I was doing this, and jump me from behind. I tried many different sequences, five tries in I heard someone coming down the hall and quickly had to grab the unconscious body of the scientist and move him out of sight, along with myself.

Once I was sure the man had past I quickly rushed back to the computer, and finally after several more tries cracked the system. This brought me back though, back to my life before I enlisted; a computer analyst, although the big bucks were in hacking into encrypted databases. No time now though, that wasn't me anymore.

I searched the computer eagerly for files that may have been of importance, none stuck out in my mind, but I figured if I transfer the whole database, someone somewhere might find something useful for it. I grabbed the plug that would sync up my armor and hooked it into the Central Pressing Unit (CPU) and let them download.

I did one last quick overview of the files and found something,

****StratWW.doc****

I opened the file and sure enough it seemed to be the strategy for defending Waterworks.

After I heard the beeping sound that told me the files were done downloading and it was okay to disconnect, I printed out a hardcopy of the plans, tucked them into my ammo belt and did a one-over of the room, making sure I left nothing behind.

I couldn't possibly stealth out of the base with a full suit of armor under one arm. So I began to run, run as fast as I could with a full suit of armor under one arm. The run back to the processing station was terrifying, I felt as if my back was on fire the whole time, waiting for a sniper bullet to come and end it all. When I arrived, I laid down the armor, and radioed the Cody to come get me. I rested my back against the cold walls of the construct, it felt good. Of course it was always the right temperature for battle in my armor, but just the feeling of being there, breathing. That's all that mattered to me; living. Even though I would have died for the mission, that didn't matter, right now I'm alive...and that's what does.

When the pelican finally touched down, it caused ****some**** attention. With all the bullets pinging off the side of the Pelican it immediately began to lift off the ground, I threw up the armor and handed the plans to Cody and heard the Pilot yell, "Rocket locked!!!! We got to move!!! No TIME!" Cody outreached his hand, but the pilot zipped forward, I saluted Cody's outreached hand.

It was a hard decision; I probably could have jumped for the pelican, but that might have slowed it down, just enough for the rocket to make contact.

Well I guess it was time, to either live or die.

I radioed Cody and told him to get Killa, his armor and the plans back to Coagulation...then come back for me.

6. Surviving

Chapter 6: Surviving

It was a hard decision to make, but the life of a Sergeant like me, was way less important then those 2, the pilot, the armor, and the

plans. I suppose it's a decision that a soldier has to make every once and a while, like when someone throws themselves on a grenade to protect his buddies. That's what I was trying to do, protect my brothers, not literally of course, but mentally.

A few minutes later I lost Radio contact with Cody...that was it...Live or die, right now, my turn.

Now, what to do, I could either run or fight...was running cowardice? I mean, living to fight another day was always a good option in my book. Fifty plus soldiers against me wasn't exactly fair, especially since I didn't have any shields, although I did have a clip and a half of Battle Rifle ammo.

The decision was an easy one, hightail it to what appeared to be an old red base I believed to have saw on Cody's map of Waterworks back at Coagulation. I cautiously moved through the open ground on the way to Red base, a half decent sniper could have taken me out any time he wanted to.

When I arrived at the door unscaved, I began to move some debris away from the doorway, only when I got inside I found...I found what I can't even describe...so many Red armored bodies. At first I was surprised that the fail-safe mechanisms hadn't been activated on their deaths, but would I really want that to happen to me; blown to a million pieces to take out of few blue soldiers.

I looked over at one soldier to realize that his armor was so torn apart from shrapnel spray that his armor was little stuck to his body, the body inside was still rotting...the whole place smelled of death...

How long ago had this all happened? Why hadn't the bodies been retrieved, whatever the reason I couldn't stand being in this place anymore, so I walked around the back and found a Warthog that was still in pretty good working condition. I thought about trying to do a bit more recon, but didn't want to risk it, by now there was defiantly a patrol out looking for me. How I managed to make it over here without taking a bullet in the back was still beyond me. Right as I finished my thought, a Hornet flew overhead; I quickly dove under the warthog and waited for it to pass. It floated in mid-air for a few minutes, literally right above me looking for something, me in particular. While I waited, I decide to see if I could tap into the Blue communications grid through my HUD, after a little tinkering with the frequencies I had some success. I quickly switched back and forth from the Blue COM to Red COM to make sure I could still access both. I switched my radio over to Blue COM and sat and listened for anything that could help my current situation, after a while I began to here chatter from the pilots directly above me.

"â€|But they said they got him going deep undercover, he may be there for a while. Try to get something that we've been after for a while. Sick shit though man, sick shit."

"Yeah, the stuff we'll do to when this warâ€|"

"ZZ, can you go ahead and switch vision to thermal and let's do a heat intensive scan."

"Roger that, Caboose."

"Boose, I've got something here, has that warthog been active in the past hour or so?"

"No, that one in particular hasn't been used since the last battle; the accelerator was damaged in a crash."

"Well, I'm reading a heat signature coming fromâ€|under it. In the shape of what appears to be a body."

"Does it have a Blue ID number pinging from it?"

"Negative."

"Let's go take a look then."

Not now, they were going to find me, I had to do something so I jumped in the Warthog, and gunned it. Apparently what the two pilots had been discussing was true, the warthog was going at half its speed. I drove as quickly as I could, soon the pilots realized what I was doing and began the chase, unloading rounds at the end of the hog. I had to escape from the Hornet, I ended driving back to the middle...right where I had begun and fortunately for me, the Hornet couldn't maneuver under the construct, so I was safe...for the moment.

As soon as the safety factor set it two Warthogs, and a Scorpion class tank decided to join the party. Well, this was not good for me. It was probably time for me to die...I couldn't go down with a fight though; I discharged all of my grenades, destroying one of the Hogs'. After the explosion I heard the tank about moving its barrel to get the best shot at me it could, I could envision it locking onto me, I could here the round being put into the barrel, it begun to fire. Three...two...one...

BOOM...BOOM

End
file.